

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
October 7, 1942



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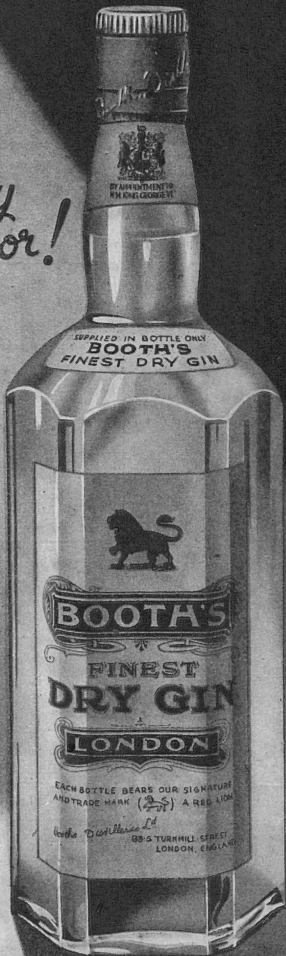


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Marcus Adams

Lady Joan Peake and Mary Rose

The wife of Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P., was Lady Joan de Vere Capell, younger daughter of the seventh Earl of Essex, and half-sister of the present peer. She was married in 1922, and she and her husband have a family of four: Iris, who is nineteen this year, Sonia, aged seventeen, Martin who is sixteen, and Mary Rose, seen in this picture, who was born in 1940. Mr. Osbert Peake has represented North Leeds in the House of Commons since 1929, and became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs in 1939. He served in the Coldstream Guards in the last war, and his home is Snilesworth Lodge, Osmotherly, in Yorkshire



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Rold Mr. Willkie

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE is a bold man. Those who know him best say that he is also an honest man. No presidential candidate in the United States has enjoyed such high public position after his defeat as Mr. Willkie. His boldness can be judged by the fact that some of the most influential newspapers in the United States have flayed him for joining in the cry for a second front. Obviously Mr. Willkie was aware that this might happen, but it did not deter him. At the same time I cannot understand what all the fuss has been about, for Mr. Willkie did say that we ought to have a real second front in Europe at the earliest possible moment that our military leaders would approve. He then went on to say that some of these military leaders might need some public prodding. This was the phrase that Mr. Clement Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, took up in Ottawa. He trenchantly denied that any prodding was necessary. He indicated that plans were being fashioned. It must be difficult for a man to visit Russia and not be caught up in the second-front atmosphere. The Russians have been fed on the prospect of a second front being opened to relieve the pressure on their country. An offensive landing on the Continent is something different from a defensive action in Russia. It requires careful planning and, above all, timing. This Mr. Attlee asserts that we are now doing. It is in our interests as much as in the interests of the Russians that we should invade the Continent and smash Hitler as quickly as possible. But we cannot do this by crying for a second front before the plans are ripe.

Papal Talks

MR. MYRON C. TAYLOR is a bland man with a soft speaking voice. His appearance belies his long business career in the American steel industry which made him a wealthy man. For some years his spiritual home has been in Italy, and there is no doubt that President Roosevelt chose wisely when he made him his personal representative at the Vatican. Mr. Taylor has returned recently to the United States after a short visit to Rome. It was one of the shortest visits Mr. Taylor has ever made to that delightful capital. But he had a purpose, and that was to tell the Pope what President Roosevelt has in mind for the future. The object of informing His Holiness about American policy is reliably stated to be the prevention of a Papal Peace Offensive. This was thought to be a possibility in some quarters. Having fulfilled his mission, Mr. Taylor hurried home to tell the President what the Pope feels about the situation in ravaged Europe where Hitler would make us all slaves, and in the world at large.

Outspoken Archbishop

ONCE more the Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed his own political views, but this time with greater force. He has given the Church of England a political platform and in doing so he breathed defiance on those critics who believe that the Church has no place in politics. Dr. Temple is to be congratulated on his boldness as well as on his astute political sense. His speech at the Albert Hall, made in the presence of Sir Stafford Cripps, was extremely clever and well balanced. For instance, few would quarrel with his assertion that the profit motive is not simply evil. It can have

its own right place, but a way must be found of securing that the general interests take precedence over sectional interests.

In other words, as I see it, the archbishop is asking for security for people of all classes so that they can live their own lives. I have no quarrel with this idea as long as the archbishop sticks to it and does not involve himself with policies of parties. The Church can do well by insisting on security for all. That's what we're fighting for.

Political Split

THE new-born Common Wealth movement has split. Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who represent the 1941 Committee, say that they have no time to spare for the organisation of a mass political movement. They have therefore parted company with Sir Richard Acland and his co-founders of the Common Wealth movement. Neither Mr. Priestley nor Mr. Bartlett is a dynamic political personality, but Sir Richard Acland is. He is tall, thin and vital. He is an enthusiast for political reformation and I believe we shall hear more of him. As for Mr. Priestley and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, they will continue to write and talk about the New England they would like to see. Sir Richard Acland prefers the battle of politics with all the ups and downs which follow. He is a wealthy Cornish baronet with a long family history of Liberal association.

Coal Problem

THERE are those who are convinced that coal rationing is not far away. The propagandaists have built up a belief that rationing can be avoided. They have been very foolish for the shock to the public will be greater than it need have been if those responsible had shown more vision. If rationing will assist the coal industry to reorganise itself, and cause its members to realise the vital nature of their work, I for one believe it should be instituted at once. We are rationed for most of life's necessities, and I have little doubt that even if the war were to end tomorrow rationing would continue for some time to come. We must help Europe back on its feet and we can



A Merchant Navy Hostel Opened

The Duchess of Northumberland (centre) opened a hostel for merchant seamen at Newcastle recently, and Mrs. M. E. Hart, wife of a seaman, represented the Merchant Navy at the ceremony. They shook hands with two visiting Russian sailors. Behind are Mr. George Tomlinson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, and the Lord Mayor of Newcastle.



A Charity Performance at the Garrick

A special performance of "Warn That Man," given in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, was attended by the Duchess of Gloucester. Others who were there, seen above, were Admiral Sir Frank Larken, Captain A. A. Andrews, Hilda, Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Smith Dorrien and Lady Gordon Finlayson.



The Princess Royal Opens a Club

Chester House, Clarendon Place, Paddington, lent by the owner, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was opened by the Princess Royal, Controller-Commandant of the A.T.S., as a non-residential club for members of the three women's services

only do that by helping those who have been starving, and sharing with them what we possess. I believe that this was the meaning Mr. Anthony Eden wished to convey in the speech he made at Coventry recently, when he talked of our post-war duties and responsibilities.

Co-operation With America

THE most important problem of the future is Anglo-American co-operation. The future of the world will rest on this. Therefore the foundations ought to be laid now. Nothing should be left to chance. By daily contact between men of the Services of both countries we are being given the opportunity to understand each other. In London and in Washington the statesmen of both countries meet and work together. But still there is not that degree of co-operation on which the future can depend. There must be greater frankness and

greater appreciation of each other. Policies should be fashioned and dovetailed now, for I am sure that there's no difference between the people of Britain and the people of the United States as to the sort of world they wish to see in the future.

I don't believe that the American people have ever been so anxious to shoulder their responsibilities to the world. For this we must thank the freedom of the Press, the growth of the radio and the leadership of President Roosevelt. It is time that Britain produced a man among her many competent Ministers of State who could point his finger to the future and declare the terms of the Government's post-war reconstruction policy in unmistakable terms.

Spanish Monarchy

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is back in Madrid at his post. His friends in London were surprised to see him in such good health. His hair was whiter, but equally his blue eyes were brighter, and generally they found him a more debonnaire and a more broadminded statesman. His job in Spain has been the most unenviable of all diplomatic posts, but he has filled it conscientiously and ably. Spain is in the throes of great uncertainty. The only certainty appears to be the incompetence of the Franco government and the lack of food. Spaniards are starving, but still they hang on and refuse to throw in their lot with the Axis Powers. Franco's only political prop is the fact that he has kept Spain out of war. If he were to throw over his policy of so-called neutrality, there might be a revolution in Spain. The people are now overwhelmingly anti-Axis. They look for security and stability and in their search it is believed that the solution will be the restoration of the monarchy.

Don Juan, who goes by the title of Count of Barcelona, is said to be willing to return to his native land as a limited monarch. At this moment those politicians who are out of prison are discussing the means by which this might come about. If the monarchy were restored, Franco's fall from power is certain. His government is most unpopular, for he and his Ministers have failed the country. The people see that totalitarianism breeds nothing but



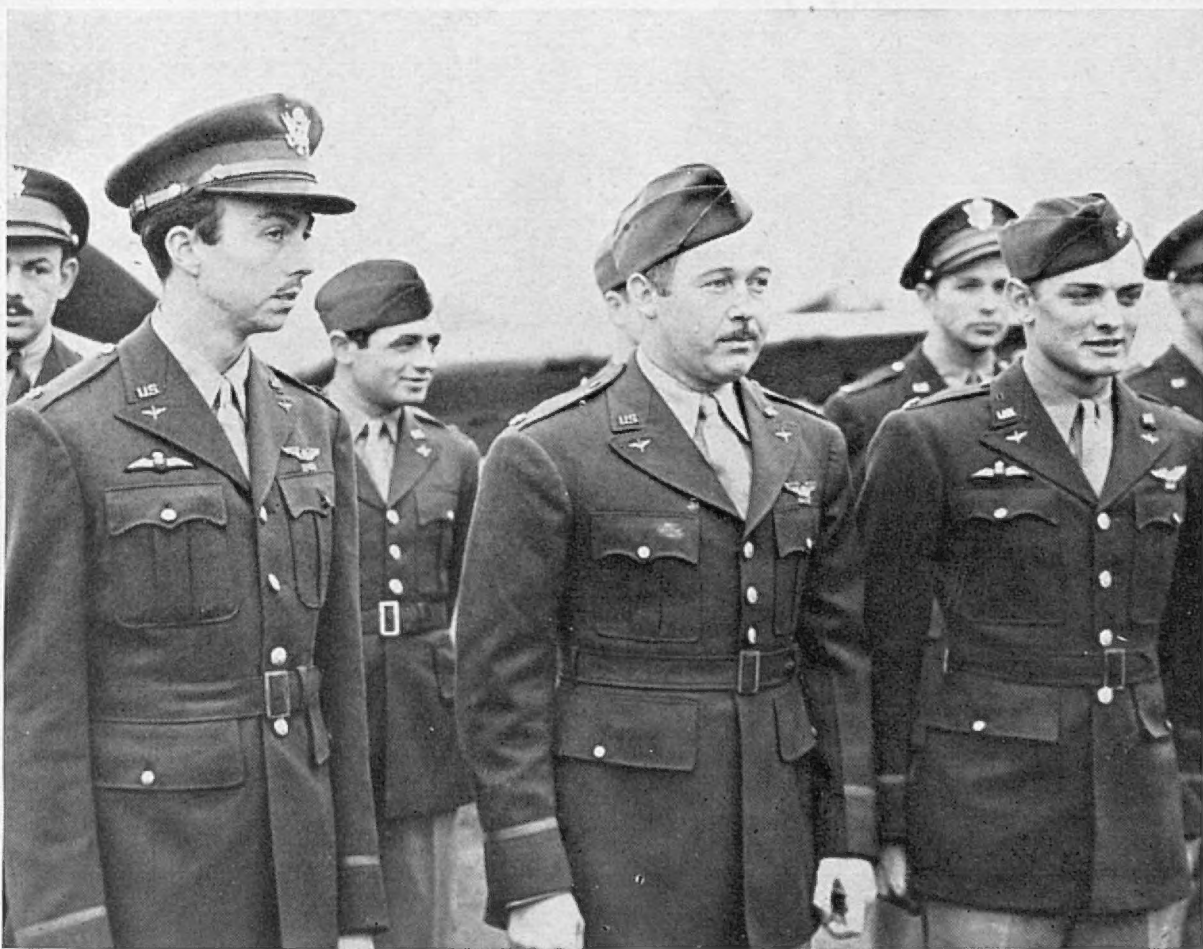
An Admiral Inaugurates a Naval Camp

A Fighting French Naval establishment, given the name Bir Hakeim, was opened by Rear-Admiral Auboyneau, C.-in-C. the Fighting French Navy. With the Admiral at the inauguration ceremony was Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster

corruption and poverty, and that there is no efficiency in such a system.

Ambassador's Reward

PREMIER STALIN has awarded to M. Maisky, his Ambassador in London, the Order of Lenin. It is the highest of all Russian honours. None can doubt that M. Maisky has earned this Soviet recognition. He has worked hard and long for the Soviet cause in this country. The honour was awarded to him simultaneously with the celebration of the tenth anniversary of his stay in London. But this is not necessarily the reason why Stalin gave him the honour. There may be other reasons. The honour may indicate that Premier Stalin supports not only M. Maisky's policies, but also his methods. On the other hand there are rumours that the honour may mark the coming termination of M. Maisky's stay in London.



Transferred to the U.S. Army Air Force

Three former squadron leaders in the Eagle Squadrons, who are now Majors in the American Army Air Force, are Major Gregory A. Daymond, D.F.C. and bar, Major C. W. McColphin and Major W. J. Daley. During the past eighteen months the Eagle pilots have destroyed some 73 enemy aircraft, and damaged and probably destroyed many more



The Eagle Squadrons change their Uniforms

General Carl Spaatz, Commander 8th U.S. Army Air Force in England, addressed members of the three Eagle Squadrons, which were formally handed over to him by Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, C.-in-C. Fighter Command (centre). Behind them is Brigadier-General F. O'D. Hunter, Commanding General, Fighter Command, U.S. Air Force, under whom the squadrons will now serve

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Another Three Sisters

By James Agate

AN American friend, commenting to me recently on the traditions and customs of the British aristocracy, pointed out that in his country there exists an aristocracy equally tenacious of its rights and privileges. "In fact," he added, "if you visit some of our great families, especially in the South, you will find a sense of caste which is almost feudal. This still lingers on in America, and will probably outlive the English feudal sense."

I WAS reminded of this during the performance of *The Gay Sisters* (Warner). No eighteenth or nineteenth century family could have been more conscious of their place in the hierarchy of American county families than the Gaylords. At the very beginning of the film we hear the Gay Sisters' father, way back in 1917, and preparing to fight in France, adjuring his children, and especially his eldest daughter, a child of eight, never to sell the family estates and always to preserve the dignity, pride and hundred-and-fifty-year-old tradition of the family. And the amazing child, preening herself like some infant Queen Victoria, swears loyalty to the House and obedience to her father's commands. Enter the English butler who says: "It is time to go to bed, Miss Fiona." Whereat the haughty child does a fine imitation of Edith Dombey and says: "I am now the mistress of this house, and I shall decide when I wish to go to bed." The butler overpowered by the magnificent precocity, withdraws bowing. He should, of course, have taken down the child's drawers.

WELL, father is killed on the battlefield, and the three girls grow up. And when we meet them again they are in the midst of a law-suit so interminable that one feels that Mr. Stephen Longstreet, when he wrote the novel on which

the screen play is based, took more than one leaf out of the vellum folios of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. Father, it appears, set aside ten per cent for a trust fund for a street-boys' club in New York, and for twenty-three years the Gaylord girls and the opposing lawyers have been unable to come to an agreement. The chief opposing solicitor Barclay (George Brent) demands that the Gaylords sell their ancestral home so that he can pull it down and build what he wittily calls a Barclay Square. Meanwhile, the sisters have lived on debts, there having been further intricacies in father's will, and they only keep one servant with the Rembrandtesque name of Saskia.

THE girls have all married, two openly and one secretly. Evelyn (Geraldine Fitzgerald) married an English Lord Burton, from whom she parted, Susanna (Nancy Coleman) an American from whom she also seems to be separated. Fiona, allegedly single, has actually married in order to benefit under an aunt's will and has paid the man twenty-five thousand dollars to go through with an unconsummated marriage. (Excuse, dear reader, the fact that as I set down the dreary rigmarole I am yawning my head off.) She sends the husband on an errand on the wedding night and prepares to fly. Alas, he returns before she can leave, and asserts his marital rights. (Feudal America's notions of honour and probity are a bit odd, don't you think?) As a result a child is born, but unknown to the husband. And, dear reader, who do you think is this husband and father? Why, none other than Barclay!

SEVEN years pass. The child is smuggled into the Gaylords' house, and the two sisters, who are unaware of its parentage, are told by Fiona in a very fine silent flashback of the

happenings seven years previously. But now Barclay learns that the boy is his and wants him back. Fiona refuses, then offers to give him sole custody of the child. And a lot more of yes and no and why and because and what about mother-love and another little drink? But I take it, dear reader, that you are no stranger to the cinema, and know what happens when ladies aristocratic to the verge of feudality but sozzled with Burgundy cannot tell husband from son. Well, what does happen? asks the reader. This. Instead of carrying sonny boy to his little cot Fiona gets carted off to hubby's walloping four poster.

IN addition to this preposterous story, we have an underplot even more preposterous. This is carried through by Susanna who falls in love with a painter (Gig Young) and has her sister, Lady Burton, for rival. There is a Joseph-cum-Potiphar scene, Susanna tries to poison herself, finally, Lady Burton hears her husband is dead and is packed off to England. And the lovers, meaning Susanna and Gig, are reconciled. The thing drips with treacly sentiment; but it is all so vividly and amusingly told, and so well acted that the two hours pass like ten minutes. The art of the film has nothing to do with photographing people upside down. The essence of cinema is to glamourise bosh. *The Gay Sisters* is bosh, and Barbara Stanwyck is a first-rate *bosheuse*. Nancy Coleman's Susanna can by no stretch of imagination be called Gay. Indeed, she droops all through the film like a wounded pea-hen, but she serves, I suppose, as a contrast to her sisters. Geraldine Fitzgerald has a harder job with the flighty, amorous and half-Anglicised Lady Burton. Why the producer made her stick a monocle in her eye at regular intervals I cannot tell. A relic of feudal England?

THE men are good. I have long given up expecting George Brent to be anything except George Brent, and having seen him a fortnight ago in exactly the same kind of part, I did not look for novelty of characterisation. But he is suave and agreeable, and that's a lot. The Gaylords have two lawyers on their



1. The Gaylord Sisters are involved in one law case after another because of the intricacies of their father's will. Fiona, the eldest (Barbara Stanwyck) is determined not to sell the property in spite of repeated offers from Charles Barclay (George Brent) and increasing financial problems



2. Unknown to her sisters, Fiona has been married. In order to qualify for an inheritance some years earlier, she married a comparative stranger. As a result she has a son, Austin, who lives with the one and only family servant, Saskia (Helen Thimig, Larry Simms, Barbara Stanwyck)



3. Susanna, youngest of the Gaylord sisters, is in love with a young artist, Gig Young. Evelyn, the second sister, married to a British peer, but separated from him, also has her eye on Gig (Nancy Coleman, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gig Young)



4. Owing to an anonymous letter, Fiona is forced to tell her sisters the story of her secret marriage and of how, seven years before, she got the money they so badly needed by marrying a stranger (Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman, Barbara Stanwyck)

The Gay Sisters

The Love Stories of Three Sisters Irrevocably Bound
by the Vagaries of a Father's Will

side, one a blackmailing swine (Gene Lockhart), the other an honest-to-goodness bone-headed block (Donald Crisp). The children are admirable. Once again I cannot make up my mind about these juveniles. Master Tommy This may be a budding Mickey Rooney. On the other hand, there is the danger that Miss Cissie That may be another common little thing like . . . but I am at the end of my space.

The Gay Sisters is based on Stephen Longstreet's novel. It is directed by Irving Rapper with Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald and George Brent as the stars. The film is reviewed by James Agate

5. Right: When Evelyn's husband is killed, Evelyn expects Gig to suggest marriage (Gig Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald)



6. The time comes when the Gaylord house has to be given up. Susanna and Fiona drink the last bottle of wine. Slightly fuddled, Fiona comes down the stairs to find Barclay, the man she married years before, waiting for her (George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck)



7. Barclay picks up the protesting Fiona and carries her off to his apartment where she finds Austin waiting for her. The strangely separated family of three is reunited to live together happily ever after (George Brent, Larry Simms, Barbara Stanwyck)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Claudia (St. Martin's)

THIS American comedy comes to us from New York with an immense reclame. It is a bright example of the modern school that pays lip tribute to Freud, and seasons sentiment with psychology. The author, Rose Franken, has a shrewd sense of character which she doesn't abuse, a facile pen which is not allowed to rust in reflection, and an impulsive wit calculated to titillate the simple without discouraging more sophisticated smirks. Her plot is a pastoral variant of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and hardly more scrupulous than Shakespeare's, though the fun it affords is more modern and merciful. Claudia, unlike poor Kate, is good tempered, and has everything material her own way from the beginning. The thrashing some may feel she deserves, and the dramatist sees that she gets, is administered, not by her long-suffering husband, but by the hard facts of life. And, like Kate, she is all the better for it, once the smart has eased. But what a caution she is in the meantime:

NEWLY, even happily wed to the ideal husband who adores her; snugly housed on their own farm seventy miles from New York, and superbly fed by a cook who is as amenable as talented (the gastronomic patter is most tantalising to the rationed side of the foot-lights), Claudia is discontented. She has to learn that such blessings come, not by nature, but by rare good fortune, and that even such well-meaning egotism as hers can be a nuisance to herself as well as to her nearest and dearest. These are painful lessons; for, while she is as sharp as a needle, she harbours whimsies, and her theories of life, love and marriage, though word perfect, let her down in practice.

It may be whimsy that makes her wonder, fond wretch! if she is as physically attractive to other men as to her husband; but it is something less tolerable than whimsy, we feel, that leads her to provoke a complete stranger into proving that she is. And her indignant surprise, when her husband comes in during the test and not unnaturally resents it, is comedy's way of scoring off life.

Again; she is bored with the country because it separates her from her mother who, being Freudianly prescient, fears Œdipus fixations

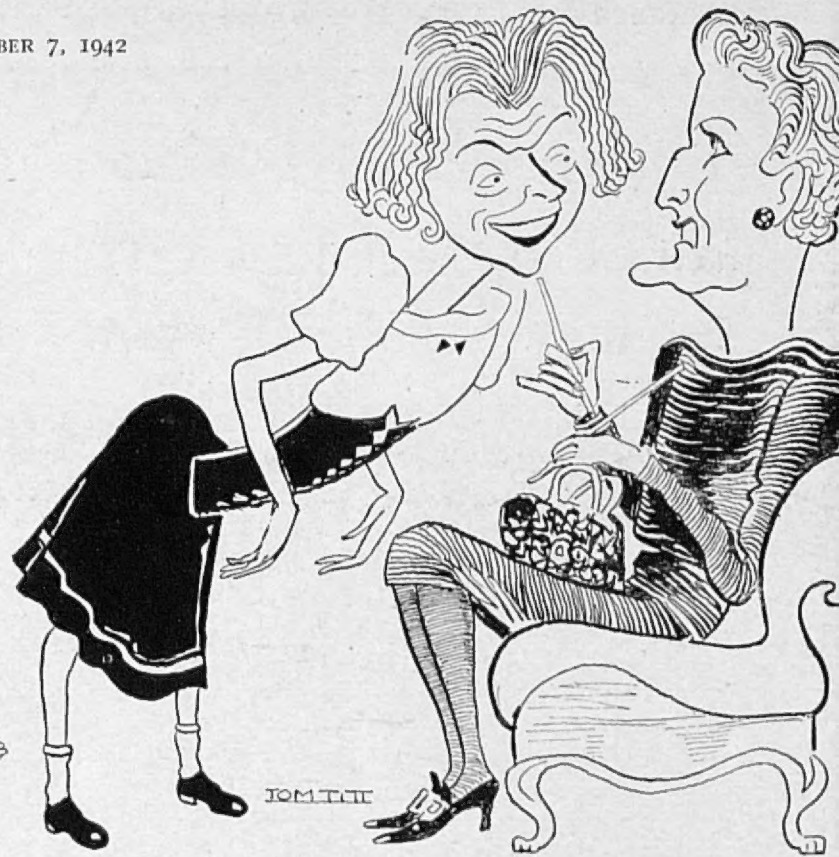


Two ideal servants are Bertha and Fritz, refugees who appreciate a good home (Frederic Richter, Amy Frank)

and will not live with them. So she impulsively sells the farm to a casual visitor, and is hurt and amazed when her husband doesn't cheer.

These, however, are merely the pothooks and hangers, so to speak, of the curriculum. The passing-out ordeal remains. She has to learn that her mother is not only mortal but doomed presently to die of mortal disease, and that, be it never so sequestered, there's no place like home. It is education with tears. But Claudia, being now in the third act, has become an apt pupil, and passes with honours. She leaves school a contented wife and happily expectant mother, and a wiser, because clinically independent, daughter.

So far, so theatrically good. The play canters along gaily enough, showing off its witty paces, and occasionally gambolling down side tracks that do not lead it seriously astray. And, if this were all, Claudia might collect her compliments and join the ranks of her mad-cap sisters who, from time immemorial, have whiled away reading hours. But from the



Claudia is the child-wife who refuses to grow up and acknowledge the responsibilities of living. She suffers from a severe mother-fixation (Pamela Brown, Mary Hinton)

first, when she is indulging her whimsies, capping family jokes with mamma, and quizzing her indulgent husband, she is exasperating but not intolerable because a young actress, hitherto a stranger to West End successes, is making her almost credible and quite interesting.

The young actress is Miss Pamela Brown, who brings to this by no means actress-proof part a brilliance of attack, a methodical resource, perfect timing, and a spirit that is rare and refreshing. She is aided, of course, by clever colleagues, but her success is her own.

Miss Mary Hinton is a deft exponent of gracious, self-sacrificing motherhood; and although the lines of Claudia's mother are conventional and seem to cramp rather than extend her style, she keeps the picture smiling. Miss Lea Seidl, too, is an actress who has no need to make two bites at such a cherry of a part as that of the ebullient diva, and plays it brilliantly. Miss Amy Frank's cook is a beauty. Above all, there is Mr. Hugh Sinclair, whose playing of Claudia's husband is so tactfully adroit that its skill may be underrated as natural charm. It is charming, of course; but it is also first-rate acting.

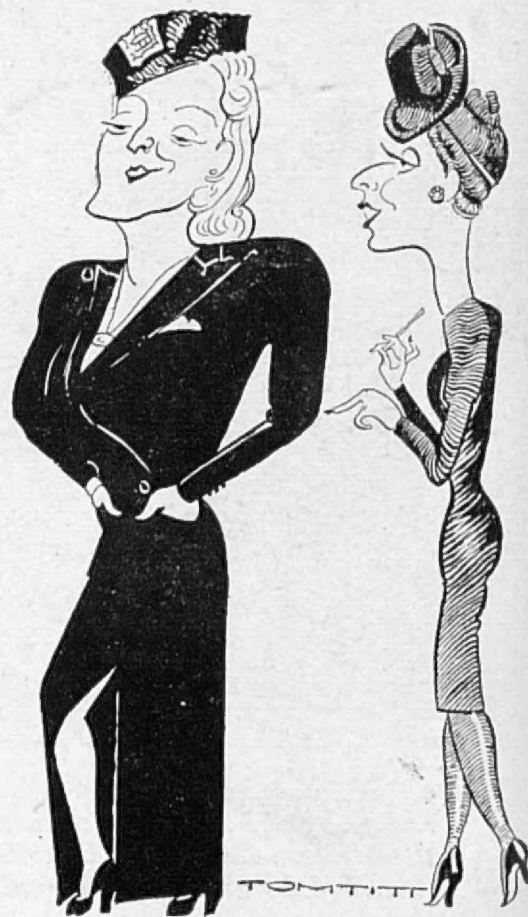
Whether this impulsive comedy will seem to us to warrant its New York reclame is beside the point. Thanks to Miss Brown and her delightful colleagues, London is unlikely to dispute that reclame, and will enjoy the play accordingly.



Left: Claudia seeks to prove her physical attraction for men by vamping the British novelist who has come to live next door (Hugh Sinclair, Pamela Brown, Thorley Walters)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: Madame Daruschka is brought to lunch with Claudia by Julia, her sister-in-law by marriage. They are sophisticated guests and their visit has unexpected results (Lea Seidl, Mary M. Riley)



Calm Amid the Storm

Sydney Howard, Butler, Presides Over the Revels of "Night of the Garter"



Act II. takes place in the barn, adjoining Five Ash Farm, near Reigate. The whole cast are assembled for what looks like being a final show-down—but, of course, it isn't. There is another Act to follow



The Admirable Bodger, Impersonated by the Inimitable Sydney Howard

Ten years ago, Sydney Howard made his first appearance as Bodger, the comic, competent butler of the Darlings. Since then his name has remained synonymous with all that an understanding butler should be. Now Mr. Sydney Howard is back in London as Bodger at the Strand Theatre in Firth Shephard's revival of *Night of the Garter*, once more paralysing audiences with his remarkable facial expressions and still more remarkable hands, which fascinate to such an extent that it becomes an increasing effort throughout the play's three acts to force one's eyes to leave them even for a minute. *Night of the Garter* is an uproarious farce true to its vintage year. Young men and maidens change partners interminably, and there is much slamming of doors and shrieking in sympathetic support. Nothing is impossible in a farce

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



The last Act finds the garter in its final resting-place—not on the leg of the girl it was meant for, but quite a nice fit all the same. (Rene Ray, Jack Melford)



Clocks which walk on and off the stage are all part of the fun. Even Bodger learns to accept the incident as part of the evening's routine. (Sydney Howard)



This is what happens when a loving wife finds her husband in a compromising situation with another man's wife. It takes a Bodger to save the day and keep her on her feet. (Marjorie Brooks, Sydney Howard, Neal Arden)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Rare Visitor

THE PRINCESS ROYAL paid one of her rare visits to London the other day to inspect progress in the pied-à-terre in St. James's Palace which the King has given her and the Earl of Harewood for use when they want to stay in London. Furniture for the new royal home has been brought down from Harewood, and the Princess intends to make it a comfortable family flat rather than a formal royal apartment. It will be a convenient London home for young Lord Lascelles when he is on leave from the Grenadiers, and, in months to come, for his younger brother, Gerald, for he too will shortly be giving up his munitions work to join the Army. The Princess Royal was wearing khaki and looking extremely smart when I saw her shopping in Bond Street. In the evening she dined quietly in a London restaurant near St. James's. At a table near I saw Admiral Bell Davies, wearing a really prodigious display of medal ribbons, and also, in plain clothes, Captain Arthur Penn.

In and Out of Uniform

LORD ROTHSCHILD, one of the few Barons of the United Kingdom who are also Barons of the non-existent Austrian Empire, is one of the many young peers doing really important war jobs. The exact nature of his work is very much a military secret, but he holds a high position in the Intelligence. He has academic qualifications that fit him well for the job—he is a Doctor of Philosophy and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Lord Rothschild's attractive wife is the daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, the famous K.C. She shares her mother's love of the arts, and is one of the leading spirits in the organisation of the art sales that have brought so much money into the Red Cross war funds. The Rothschilds have three children—Nathaniel (which is a family name), aged six; Sarah, aged eight, and Miranda, two.

The Ministry of Economic Warfare, much of whose work is necessarily obscure these days, can claim many distinguished members of staff. There is the Earl of Drogheda, who was a civil servant in the Foreign Office many years ago

and is now Director-General of the "M.E.W."; Lord Farrer, Lord Hawke and Lord William Percy, uncle of the Duke of Northumberland, are all departmental heads; and there is, of course, the Queen's brother, Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, who has been doing work of increasing importance there since the very early days of the Ministry.

Out and About

THE Countess of Suffolk was out shopping early one day this week, accompanied by the eldest of her small sons, the new young Earl of Suffolk. They were chatting away happily, the young Earl, who is now seven, apparently thoroughly enjoying his visit to London. It will be remembered that Lady Suffolk's husband, the late Earl, was killed by the explosion of a time-bomb he was helping to dispose of. He was a brilliant scientist and took the keenest interest in bombs from a scientific point of view. He was one of the first people to receive the George Cross, his being awarded posthumously. Lady Suffolk has three small sons—a big responsibility these days. The young Duke of Rutland, in mufti and hatless, was hurrying along in Bond Street. Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, also hatless, with two little blue bows holding her fair hair in place, was leading her well-known old Peke, who goes everywhere with her, and carrying the most adorable tiny Peke puppy. Mrs. Heineman, still remembered as Mollie Sullivan, who works hard as a V.A.D., was carrying her luggage—luckily only a light bag—to its destination to save petrol. Lady Nunburnholme, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting, dressed in black, with silver fox bolero, was chatting to a friend in Brook Street. She was looking just as lovely as the days when she was known as "the lovely Lady Mary Thynne." Nowadays she is very busy running their farm in the Midlands and bringing up her three children while her husband is serving out East.

Mrs. Misa, wife of Major Harry Misa, of the Queen's Bays, I found staying in London for a few days while moving house; she told me her daughter Kit is now in the A.T.S. and being

initiated into the art of scrubbing floors properly, as was the Prime Minister's daughter, Mary Churchill, when she first joined. Major Misa rejoined at the outbreak of this war and has been in a mechanised training regiment. Their son is at an O.C.T.U. now, prior to joining the Grenadier Guards. Later on I saw Lady Veronica Maddick (Lord Duferin's sister), striding along and looking very smart in the uniform of a W.A.A.F. officer. Lord Portarlington, jovial as usual, and Sir Francis Towle were at the May Fair.

At Buck's

AT Buck's Club I saw Major and Mrs. Pilkington lunching together. Major Pilkington, who is in the 16th Lancers, is the son and heir of Sir Thomas Milborne-Swinerton-Pilkington, and married the eldest of Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison's daughters; they have a young son and daughter. The same day Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were lunching there with Mrs. Clarke's two sons by her first marriage to Count Jackie de Pret. Though still only schoolboys, they are both nearly 6 ft. tall, and have inherited their parents' good looks. The Duke of Gloucester and his Esquerry, Major "Bill" Bovill, were having a light meal quietly together on the men's side. This little club was badly damaged in the blitz, but has now quite tidied itself up, and is as popular as ever.

Talking of clubs, I hear Prince Andrew of Russia and his bride, who was Miss Macdougall, chose the Lansdowne Club to stay at for part of their honeymoon. Very central, too, in these days of taxi shortage!

News from Scotland

LADY MUNRO, wife of Sir Torquil Munro, has been down south for a few days. They have just moved into a smaller house near their lovely home, Lindertis, in Angus. Lady Munro works hard for the Red Cross in this district. Her two little children, Fiona and Jamie, have been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. "Ken" Hunter, at their Scottish home, Garrows, in Perthshire; they have also had their younger daughter, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, and her two children, John and Penelope, staying with them. Quite a family party! All the cousins are great friends and thoroughly enjoyed this holiday together. The Hunters were the victims of a bomb on their nice house in Cadogan Gardens during the blitz—in fact, Mr. Hunter had more than his share of bad luck, as his City office was also very badly hit. They now have a flat in one of the new concrete blocks in London, as their town house cannot be rebuilt during the war.



Lawn Tennis Exhibition Matches for Charity at Lady Crosfield's Highgate Home

Some well-known tennis stars took part, and many distinguished people went to see them play in the exhibition matches, in aid of the Greek Children's Rescue Fund and the Red Cross. Here is the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, with Lady Crosfield, the organiser of the matches, at whose home they took place

The Greek Prime Minister, M. Tsouderos, and Sir Percy Loraine sat together to watch the tennis. Sir Percy was British Minister in Athens from 1921 to 1926. His last diplomatic appointment was that of British Ambassador in Rome until Italy's entry into the war in 1940



The Wedding of Mr. D. I. Graham and Miss R. M. Stanley at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Mr. David Ivor Graham, R.A., youngest son of the late Mr. A. J. Graham, and Mrs. Graham, of Brentwood, Hoylake, Cheshire, and Miss Reniera Mary Stanley, younger daughter of Sir Herbert Stanley, G.C.M.G., and Lady Stanley, D.B.E., of Capetown, South Africa, and 2, Blantyre Street, Chelsea, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on September 26th

Lady Stanley, the bride's mother, and Mrs. Graham, mother of the bridegroom, left the church with the Earl of Clarendon. Sir Herbert Stanley, the bride's father, was Governor and C-in-C. of Southern Rhodesia from 1935 till this year. Lord Clarendon is Lord Chamberlain of H.M.'s Household

Windsor Instead of Salisbury!

THE Salisbury meeting, transferred to Windsor, was a great improvement for most people, being much more "get-at-able" and within easy walking distance of two stations, which, with petrol shortage, means so much. There were a few taxis at the stations, and lots of old cabbies and their horses, which have always been a feature of Windsor; one enterprising man had put a pair of horses into an old horse-coach and was driving backwards and forwards, full every time! Many people chose river transport and were rowed up from Windsor Bridge to the racecourse—a peaceful and quite easy way of getting there on a fine day! There was a good attendance, which included a lot of workers having a Saturday afternoon's relaxation.

Several people told me they had been up all night working in hospitals or factories, and a day in the fresh air was doing them a lot of good. One of the first couples I saw were Viscount and Viscountess Milton. Lady Milton herself works in a factory, but not by night; she was looking very nice in nigger-brown, with touches of light blue.

Tall Derek Wigan, in the Coldstream Guards, was escorting his wife, who was hatless; another hatless girl was lovely Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who had brought an American soldier for his first day's racing in England. Mr. and Mrs. Byrne were together; she was Poppet John, one of Augustus John's daughters. Mrs. Peter Behrens was looking awfully smart in her M.T.C. uniform, even better than she used to look in the hunting-field, and that is saying something. Mrs. Van Cutsem, looking very pretty in one of her favourite "halo" hats, was strolling in the paddock with Lady Morris and Mr. Teddy Lambton. The Duchess of Norfolk, in the parade ring, was giving final orders to her jockey: she had a couple of runners during the afternoon. The Duchess has the added interest of supervising the training of all her own and her husband's horses. Another very successful trainer present was Miss Wilmot; she cannot officially call herself a trainer, as the Jockey Club still grants no training licences to women! So the horses have to be held in the head lad's name! Lord and Lady Manton, she very pretty in red, with a peaked cap to match her coat, arrived late together. Lord Manton's brother, the Hon. Robert Watson, in his A.T.A. uniform, which is so smart, was also present.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams were answering enquiries after their new son and heir. Mrs. Evan's horse, Coo-ee, ran second during the afternoon. She has the most glorious red hair, and will be remembered as Jill Muir. Before the war and her marriage she always helped her brother, the late Kim Muir, with his horses, which were so successful jumping. Alas, he was killed serving with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, in France in 1940. Lord Grimthorpe came down by train with the Hon. Mrs. "Geoff" Harbord, who was in a lovely mink coat. Lord Grimthorpe's eldest son, the Hon. Christopher Beckett, was also there; he told me he is now on a course at Staff College. Others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clyde: he is in the "Blues"; Mrs. "Geoff" Phipps Hornby, Mrs. Noel Carlyle, Mr. Tony Gillson,

the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly, Lord McGowan's younger daughter; Captain and Mrs. Peter Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. George Beeby, who were delighted with another winner that afternoon. The win of Rue de la Paix the week before seems to have changed their luck.

Busy Women

FROM nursing as a St. John V.A.D. at Chichester, Lady Moyra Ponsonby, the attractive daughter of Lord and Lady Bessborough, has now gone to Westminster Hospital as a probationer. Her mother thinks the work very hard and would rather, I fancy, that she had remained at Chichester, for she is the only girl and the Bessborough home, Stansted Park, is

(Concluded on page 24)



Tennis for China

Lawn tennis matches in aid of Lady Cripps' Aid to China Fund were played in Regent's Park. Amongst the players, were Mrs. King; seen above, admiring Miss Jean Nicholl's Chinese robe, and Miss Gem Hoahing, the Chinese tennis champion



The Duchess Packs a Parcel

The Perth Branch of the Prisoner of War Packing Depot has the distinction of being the first Scottish depot to pack half a million parcels. The Duchess of Atholl performed the first stage of packing the half-millionth parcel

The Name is Brown

Pamela Brown Captures London with Her First West-End Performance in "Claudia"

Two years ago, *Claudia*, Rose Franken's play of matrimonial difficulties, was produced at the Booth Theatre in New York. It is still running on Broadway. The Lee Ephraim and Emile Littler production in London at the St. Martin's is notable not so much for the excellence of the play (excellent though it is), but for the outstanding brilliance of the players. Twenty-four-years-old Pamela Brown has taken London audiences by storm; Hugh Sinclair, as her understanding, infinitely patient husband, has never been better and shows an unexpected aptitude for the part of thoroughly pleasant, good young men; while others of the cast, which includes Mary Hinton, Lea Seidl, Mary Martlew, Amy Frank, Thorley Walters, Frederic Richter, are each perfect in his or her particular sphere



David: "What's your grey blouse doing in your cheque book?"

David Naughton finds that his irresponsible young wife, Claudia, has her own very individual methods of keeping accounts and is inclined to blame the bank manager rather than herself when ends don't meet. (Hugh Sinclair, Pamela Brown)

Right: The Naughton household share a party line with neighbours. Claudia finds it hard to resist the temptation of listening-in to other people's conversations



Claudia: "Shhh . . . that was gorgeous"

Below: Fritz and Bertha are the perfect servants. Fritz has a past which he confesses, but David and Claudia reassure him that they are willing to forgive and forget. (Frederic Richter, Amy Frank, Pamela Brown)

Claudia: "I want you both to feel this is your home"



Claudia: "Put more emotion into it, Mrs. Brown"
Claudia, though married, still suffers severely from a mother complex. When the play opens, Mrs. Brown is staying with her daughter in the country. Claudia relies on her mother for everything—including back-scratching. (Pamela Brown, Mary Hinton)



Jerry Seymour: "It's a decoy"
Jerry is a young British novelist who has rented a neighbouring property to the Naughtons. When his car breaks down he comes to the Naughtons for help and is given a particularly warm welcome by Claudia. (Pamela Brown, Thorley Walters)



David: "I've got a face like a baked potato"
 Claudia: "Baked apple, dear"
 Claudia has an understanding husband. He loves her, humours her, teases her. That he is unsuccessful in saving her from all unhappiness is to be to Claudia's advantage. (Pamela Brown, Hugh Sinclair)



David: "You're all the woman I want"
 Claudia, having tried to arouse her husband's jealousy by starting a violent flirtation with neighbour Jerry, is at last satisfied that her husband really loves her. (Hugh Sinclair, Pamela Brown)

Below: Claudia, suffering from attacks of dizziness, is told by the understanding Bertha that she is going to have a baby. (Pamela Brown, Amy Frank)



Bertha: "And when you both want it, it's beautiful"



Madame Daruschka: "It is not what it is worth to you, it is what it is worth to me"
 A famous operatic singer is brought to luncheon at the Naughtons. Madame Daruschka falls in love with the Naughton home and offers to buy it as it stands, an offer which Claudia, in the absence of her husband, accepts. (Lea Seidl, Pamela Brown)

Photographs by
 John Vickers



Claudia: "Don't ever envy anyone, Julia, make the most of them while you can"
 David's sister-in-law calls unexpectedly on the Naughtons. She envies them the happiness of their days together. It is in Claudia's reply that Mrs. Brown learns that her daughter knows of her fatal illness and is prepared to accept the inevitable with adult courage. (Mary Hinton, Pamela Brown, Mary Marilew, Hugh Sinclair)

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STREET-FIGHTING has grown to be one of the dirtier pseudo-sciences, like psychopathy, we conclude on combining newspaper reports from Stalingrad with lessons freshly learned during yet another Army battle-drill course. And nowadays there are no butterflies.

The last butterfly to alight on a blood-stained street-barricade did so, as far as we can trace it, in the Paris Commune of 1871. Street-fighting then was merely chiefly static, a matter of blocking a street with paving-stones, mattresses, carts, furniture, and anything handy, and firing with rifles over and round it till the butterfly arrived. "Cease fire" was then sounded and the defenders, at once sent for the *Daily Telegraph* Special Correspondent, who described the scene in an emotional 1000-word despatch, after which the butterfly figured in a dozen or so Salon and Academy pictures and grocers' almanacs and Victor Hugo or somebody put it in a poem and that was that. The contrast was certainly striking and we'd be apt to make rather a thing of it ourselves. Nowadays the whole business has turned active, brutal, and methodical, and the entomological angle is out.

Alternative

TWO schools of thought existed at our battle-drill school, incidentally, over the starting-point in combing an enemy-infested house: the Attic School and the Cellar School, favouring a start at top and bottom respectively. This question has psychopathic implications, it seemed to us. We noted that the chaps who would gravitate naturally to the cellar had round innocent boyish eyes and were fidgeting excitedly with invisible masks and dark-lanterns. The Attic School were arid and bleak and probably never had a mother.

Hope

PRIGGISHLY silent, or perhaps just normally dumb, the planning boys refuse so far to tell us whether their scheme for a nobler London includes a long-overdue public utility provision, namely the future lying-in-state in Somerset House, like Führer Oliver Cromwell, of all dead Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Adolf Cromwell, who was given as much honour as if he were a saint, lay crowned and sceptred on a vast crimson bed in a huge apartment hung with black, lit by 500 wax candles. Our feeling is that while the citizenry would flock to see almost any dead Commissioner of Inland Revenue, public

reverence would be increased if the thing were done decently on a similar scale.

Issuing thence, we feel the populace should find the old permanent Maypole restored to its site opposite the main entrance of Somerset House, bedecked and garlanded as of yore. Every May Day the Labour Party would dance round it, arm in arm with the wantons of Drury Lane, and the merry Somerset House boys would trip out, pen behind ear, and dance an antic hay with their admirers. Something like the fandango on summer nights at St. Jean-de-Luz is in our mind; the whole town joining in with that typical British joie-de-vivre which has made us, etc., etc., etc. We must be crazy to lie awake as we do, thinking out plans to make you happy.

Oasis

MURDER in Hardy's Wessex surprises some people more than it does us, judging by the recent fuss over a murder-mystery at a village near Dorchester.

The only thing that amazes us about



"Are you wasting fuel? Have you gone to the cinema and forgotten to switch off the radio?"

Dorset is that so many of its inhabitants still go on struggling to exist, blind victims of monstrous overbearing Fate whose misery poor little Mr. Hardy was the first to detect. In Shropshire the position is slightly different,

despite the sombre surprise of Hugh Kingsmill contemplating a Shropshire Lad:

What, still alive at twenty-two, A clean upstanding chap like you!

The difference being that whereas Hardy lived slap among the Wessex hayseeds, damp and despondent, Housman lived comfortably in Cambridge and made up the Shropshire stuff at long distance out of his head. So the rural fatalists round the Wrekin often go on living to spite him, out of pure rustic malice.

Idea

WE lately had a eugenic brainwave on this topic. If Shropshire Lads were forced to marry Wessex girls their offspring would presumably be as handy with the knife from birth as any Sicilian, thus providing the Government with natural-born Commando troops grown, as it were, under glass. The "dominant," as Mendelians say, being the mother, there'd be no fear of that suicidal Shropshire urge coming first. "Business avoïre pleasure," as Tess of the d'Urbervilles said to the chartered accountant.

Urge

EXPLAINING that the Russian soldier is "less sensitive" to punishment than any other, an official German broadcaster forbore to depress his glum listeners further by adding that the still-enduring mystic streak in the Russian temperament makes the Russian actually fond of suffering, as all Russian literature shows.

(Concluded on page 14)



"It's still just one terrible blur, Doctor"



Hay Wrightson

Miss Mary Campbell is the only child of Sir Charles Campbell, Bt., and Lady Campbell, of Davaar, Bembridge, Isle of Wight. She is twenty-five, and is a Junior Commander in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Her father was in the Life Guards in the last war.



Hay Wrightson

Miss Pamela Digby-Bell, who is a Third Officer in the W.R.N.S., is the only daughter of Surgeon Captain K. Digby-Bell, R.N. She made her debut in 1937, and was one of the debutantes to be presented at Holyrood.



Catcheside, York

Miss Cynthia Bibby is now working at a Red Cross convalescent home in the north. She is the daughter of Mrs. J. R. Campbell and of the late Captain F. B. F. Bibby, of Hardwick and Sansau. She came of age on October 2nd.

Six New Portraits



Bertram Park

Miss Elizabeth Aubrey-Fletcher, only daughter of Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bt., and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton House, Aylesbury, came out at this year's Queen Charlotte's Ball, and is now working at the Foreign Office. She has four brothers, two in the Grenadiers, one of whom is a prisoner; a third is in the R.A.F., and the youngest is still at school.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Miss Anne Faure-Walker is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Henry Faure-Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex, and sister of Lady Hawke, at whose home, Faygate Place, she now lives. She was formerly a V.A.D. nurse at Fulmer Chase, and is now a despatch rider for the Red Cross in London.



Bertram Park

Miss Leila Mary Cookson, only daughter of Commander and Mrs. John Windham Cookson, and niece of Sir Iain Colquhoun, is at present working as a V.A.D. at a convalescent hospital. She was one of this year's debutantes at the Queen Charlotte's Ball.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

In these islands we don't understand this will to suffer, based on expiation, because such an idea interferes with our comfort, a knowledgeable chap was telling us. Only in rich women is an obscure and muddled form of mysticism connected with the expiation-urge constantly found. Hence (said this chap) rich women's fondness for taking up the dregs of the populace, such as poets and actors and novelists, who rob and threaten and abuse and often beat them, to their intense solace. Those yells you hear of an evening in Green and Park Streets are therefore of a spiritual and purgative nature. It's just Mrs. Goldenkranz gladly expiating her sins, and the police have orders not to interfere.

Crack

CREAM buns are now banned by the Min. of Food, which will inevitably remind every lover of the macabre of *The New Arabian Nights* and the Young Man with the Cream Tarts, who would have done much better in the pub-to-pub trade, we often think, with pork-pies. Would you eat a cream tart while drinking bitter?

There are several holes one could pick in Slogger Stevenson's crime-sequence. Pass, as the French say, for Prince Florizel of Bohemia, but what about his buddy Colonel Geraldine, who accompanies the Prince in his dives into the London underworld "dressed and painted to represent a person connected with the Press in reduced circumstances"? This means obviously that the Colonel wore dingy reach-me-downs, reddened and lined his pan, and carried a large notebook in his breast-pocket, a caricature we personally resent, on our own behalf and that of our Fleet Street comrades. Reduced circumstances, yes. Shabby attire, yes. Lined, coarsened, degraded pan (the Editor always makes us wait in the furnace-room when anybody's about), yes. Note-book, no. Off the stage no "person connected with the Press" ever displays a note-book. Some of us may jot a fact or two down on our cuffs, if we have cuffs. The big boys don't need any facts—all they're concerned with is news.

Whimsy

WHAT chaps call "sturdy independence of character" (when referring to themselves) or "mulish stupidity" (when referring to other people) moved a citizen to complain in the papers recently of the obstinacy of some minor bureaucrat department or other; we forget which, and as there are 5,786,564 such departments in the totalitarian state we live in, it doesn't matter.

This citizen evidently didn't know what obstinacy is, having never come up against the peasants of Sussex and Aragon, Heaven's finest work in this direction, so far as we know. The traditional emblem of Sussex is a pig, with the motto "*Won't be drew*," which sums up the native whimsy very succinctly. As for the typical *baturo* of Aragon, one of a thousand Spanish stories about him concerns an Aragonese who argued with a friend that a block of soap in a grocer's window was cheese, and, refusing to be proved wrong, bought and ate it. "Tastes bad?" grinned his friend. "Tastes bad," said the Aragonese, chewing away stolidly, "but it's cheese." That might be a Sussex story.

The South Saxons haven't changed much since St. Wilfrid found them jumping in groups into the sea to drown because they couldn't catch fish with their fingers. It took St. Wilfrid some time to get those blond thinkers to understand and make nets, and we guess he had a Latin word for that sturdy independence, too.

Decline

A SLUMP in Pre-Raphaelite girls had set in long before that Burne-Jones masterpiece was sold by auction the other day for a few pounds, our spies report.

We imagine the Island Race never really got on matey terms with Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, who looks like a dopey giraffe, still less with Burne-Jones's tall dreamy sweethearts, who have such intensely Kensington faces. The Race probably didn't mind Watts's "Hope" so much because the lady crouching on the globe looks a bit sick and



"I didn't laugh at the Major's joke, Basil—I simply loathe the fellow. I shall laugh when we get outside"

thus reminded the Race of its mother. The other Pre-Raphaelite girls all have goitre, anaemia, tuberculosis, and a languid, lilia, anguish nothing can cure, except maybe a juicy underdone rumpsteak with fried onions and a pint of stout. This homely specific for what a French critic called the Pre-Raphaelite *dépravation intellectuelle* was never tried, apparently. Compare the Blessed Damozel with the barmaid in Manet's *Bar aux Folies-Bergère* and decide which type made the Race's bowler hat wobble with emotion like a small egg-cosy on a large hard-boiled egg. Then write down your conclusions very neatly and forward them to the Board of Trade, or somebody.

Trollfest

A CITIZENESS who complained in a provincial police-court recently that "unseen presences" were haunting her nightly was probably a troll-victim, like Swinburne's girl-friend Dolores, whose married name was Gawpthorpe, as you remember from that sensuous nocturne in *Songs Before Sunrise*:

Hist! Mrs. Gawpthorpe!
Hist while you sleep!
Red eyes are peering,
Burning eyes peep,
Stealthy each footfall,
Furtive each snout
Pokes round the doorway—
Trolls are about!
Ssst! Mrs. Gawpthorpe!
Hairy shapes tread,
Grin by your bedside,
Growl by your head,
Trolls by the dozen!
Nobody knows—
Oh! gracious Heaven!
Tuck in your toes!
Toes!—Mrs. Gawpthorpe!!
Tuck in your TOES!!!

Dolores' assertion later that the smallest, hairiest troll of all was "the dead-spit of you, Algy," did not go down well with Swinburne, who retired in high and low ludgeon simultaneously to the Green Man on Putney Common for a snifter.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He feels more comfortable that way—he comes from the Antipodes"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

President of the Board of Education : Mr. R. A. Butler, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Richard Austen Butler, M.P. for Saffron Walden, became President of the Board of Education in July 1941. He was previously for three and a half years Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and thus did service on the foreign front for the early part of the war. He is now engaged in the thick of the home front with Education, which he describes as "the spearhead of social reform." He has more than a departmental interest in planning for after the war, since he is Chairman of the Conservative Party consultative committee on post-war reconstruction. The son of Sir Montagu Butler, Mr. Butler was born in India in 1902, while his father was Governor of the Central Provinces, and was himself at one time Under-Secretary of State for India, and a member of the Indian Franchise Committee in 1932. He married in 1926 the daughter of Mr. Samuel Courtauld, and has three sons

A Visit to the Robert Morleys

At Wargrave-on-Thames

Robert Morley and his wife are the proud possessors of a ten-months-old son, Sheridan, who, with perfect dramatic timing, elected to be born on December 4th, the opening night of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, at the Savoy Theatre, in which his father played the leading role of Sheridan Whiteside. The part of Whiteside being a thinly veiled portrait of Alexander Woolcott, the famous American dramatic critic and radio star, it followed naturally that Mr. Woolcott should be young Sheridan Morley's godfather. Mrs. Robert Morley is the only daughter of Captain Herbert Buckmaster and Mrs. Philip Merivale (Gladys Cooper), and was married in London early in 1940. While her husband is still "coming to dinner" nightly at the Savoy, and her mother is at present playing in *The Light of Heart* at the Morosco Theatre in New York, Mrs. Morley has herself studiously avoided a theatrical career, and is busy rearing, besides her son, marrows, beans, tomatoes and chickens. Robert Morley's last big film role was that of Charles James Fox in *The Young Mr. Pitt*

Robert Morley believes that "any fool can grow a marrow," and that, except in wartime, only a fool would eat one

Mrs. Robert Morley gathers the beans which she and her husband are particularly proud. They are certainly fine specimens

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Sheridan Morley is described by his parents as the man who really came to dinner. In this case the dinner appears to be Mitzi, the Peke



A family party at the window—Sheridan already shows a resemblance to his talented father, plus plenty of personality of his



The Chickens Come to Dinner With the Morleys

Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin

The Last Meeting of the Season

Race-card Study

Viscountess Elvedon, wife of Lord Iveagh's son and heir, and Mrs. Michael Scott wondered what to back at Phoenix Park. The winner of the Skerries Plate was Mr. Joe McGrath's two-year-old Edwina



Sisters-in-Law

Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, on leave from Red Cross work in England, went racing with Lady Adare, who recently returned from a mission to the U.S.A., for the Irish Red Cross. Lady Adare is American, and is the wife of Lord Dunraven's heir

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Irish and Portuguese

Two young racegoers at Phoenix Park were the Hon. Patience French and a Portuguese friend, Miss C. Bronikowkia. The Hon. Patience French is the third sister of fifteen-year-old Lord de Freyne, of French Park, Co. Roscommon, and a niece of Sir Lauriston Arnott



Father and Daughter

On leave from his regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Grattan-Bellew took his only daughter, Dierdre, to Phoenix Park. Sir Charles succeeded to the baronetcy in January this year



Young Marrieds

F/Lt. Nesbit Waddington, R.A.F.V.R., was there with Mrs. Waddington. He was formerly manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Co. Kildare. She is a daughter of the late Mr. R. J. Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Drogheda, Co. Louth

Mother and Son

Lt. Sir Oliver Lambart, Bt., also on leave, escorted his mother to the races. His home is Beauparc, on the banks of the Boyne in Co. Meath. Lady Lambart is a sister of Lord Brabazon of Tara, the former Minister of Aircraft Production



"In Which We Serve"

Noel Coward's New Film of the Royal Navy
Had Its Sunday Premiere at the Gaumont



H.M. King George of the Hellenes (second from the right) attended the premiere. With him were Captain Packer, Mrs. Britain-Jones and Mrs. Packer

Swabe

Right: Leslie Howard was in the foyer with Mr. F. Del Guidice, managing director of Two Cities Films



Described as the best British film ever made, *In Which We Serve* was written, produced and partially directed by Noel Coward, who himself plays the leading role as Captain "D." It was made at Denham by the Two Cities Film Company, and proceeds from the first performance were given to the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust, a Trust which was instituted by the late Admiral Lord Jellicoe



Diana Wynyard and John Gielgud were two stage celebrities at the opening performance



Noel Coward, author, actor and producer of the film, was congratulated by David Niven



Bernard Miles gives a very fine performance as Chief Petty Officer Walter Hardy



Swabe

John Mills and Celia Johnson both have important parts in the film. Sitting between them is Mrs. Mills



Vice-Admiral Moore, Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Assistant Chief of Naval Staff, was with Lady Moore



Joyce Carey, who plays Mrs. Hardy in the film, came with her mother, Lillian Braithwaite, to the premiere



Mrs. J. C. Denton Carlisle was with her daughter, Jacqueline, an M.T.C. driver for the American forces

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Sea Horsemen

VERY gallant seafaring acquaintance, who is also, as I know, as good on an unruly horse as he is at ruling the waves on a bucking ship, has gently reproved me for not remembering why it is that sailors and horses have always been so closely linked. I quote: "Your classical upbringing ought to have reminded you that Poseidon was an equestrian deity, and was assigned that honour probably because of the horselike shapes of the incoming tide, and that upon one occasion he even assumed the shape of a horse in order to put one across a rather masterful female named Demeter, who promptly turned herself into a mare, hoping thereby to outpace him and escape his non-connubial intentions." I hasten to put dust upon my head, and plead: (a) that it is now some time since the Classics were hammered into me by someone who was, as I thought at the time, far too handy with the hickory; and (b) that I was remiss in not refreshing my memory of the sidelights upon the private lives of the gods and goddesses of those times. I now recall that Demeter's effort was quite unsuccessful, and that Poseidon (called Neptune by the Wops of those days) caught her, and that the result of her well-meant effort to remain sans reproche was the crack colt foal Arion.

Past Form

TO mitigate anything further which the Senior Service may think I deserve to suffer, I have looked up Poseidon's past form, and reminded myself that he was not only the creator of the first known horse, but also the first riding-master and the originator of horse-racing. I certainly should have remembered this last fact, because from it may have sprung that expression, so often used by writers upon racing: "He came with a wet sail and, swamping the opposition, won by—" a whisker, a head, a length, or what not! I

hope that this little amende may appease the wrath of the gallant descendants of the horstiest god ever known in history, and may save me from being keel-hauled or any other unpleasant nautical punishment which it may be considered desirable I should undergo. As a little tail-piece to this note, I wonder whether Poseidon in fact did the world a good turn by inventing horse-racing, because, in this connection, one of the authors of one of my classical dictionaries says that "he taught men the art of managing horses by the bridle"—hauling in the slack, in other words, a process which has sometimes been described by unsympathetic stewards in much harsher terms.

I was, of course, wrong when I said, in a recent note, that the Duke of Kent performed very well on one of his future brother-in-law's horses in the Buccleuch country, because the Duke of Gloucester's marriage to Lady Alice Scott did not make them brothers-in-law. All other facts (including those about the Devil), absolutely as stated, comments of a bilious critic notwithstanding. The late Duke of Kent rode very well in spite of his being a sailor! I am sure that the critic must himself be a fair heller to ride (in a cart with a net over it).

The Kenya St. Leger

THE picture on this page shows the dead-heat between Windjammer and Excalibur, the favourite. The race (distance, 1½ miles) was run on July 4th and, as is not quite unusual when a thing like this happens, lots of people were quite certain that the judge was wrong! But he wasn't! The official was Lieut.-Col. H. A. Coldicott, who resumed soldiering in this war with the South African Military Mission, East Africa Command, and who had previously been Official Handicapper to the Johannesburg Turf Club, a Stipendiary Steward to the Western India Turf Club in Bombay and also at Rangoon—so the doubters were up against



D. R. Stuart

In This War and the Last

Captain C. H. Hills, H.L.L., Colonel A. E. H. Sayers, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Major Sir Charles Buchanan, H.L.L., adjutant, are now at a training centre somewhere in Scotland. All three fought in the last war

something. In addition, however, the judge had planted one of his staff immediately below the box with his camera correctly aligned to snap any close finishes! Excalibur's sire, Gaba Prince, was, so Colonel Coldicott thinks, trained by Captain Percy Whitaker, and the dam, Elaine, is by Ellangowan (the late Lord Rosebery's Two Thousand winner in 1923) out of Maid of the Valley, half-sister to a filly aptly named Nestlingdown by Featherbed, who won Colonel Coldicott three races in Egypt about 1925, so that it is no wonder that this tight finish interested him so much. Photographing finishes as an aid to the handicapper was first started, I think, in America, and then, I believe, followed up in Australia, the place where they evolve and absorb so many up-to-date ideas.

A Famous Quorn Master

THE name of the late Captain Frank Forester stands for a whole epoch in the history of the Quorn. Captain Frank Forester had them from 1905 till 1918, and for part of the time during the first German War hunted them himself, at other moments having had George Leaf (from the Middleton) as his huntsman. During the late war he had to do most of the really hard work himself, and probably only a few people realised what that meant. At that time England was not the armed camp which she is to-day, for the aeroplane had not brought the conflict on to John Citizen's doorstep quite so unpleasantly, and it was deemed to be permissible to keep some forms of relaxation going for the benefit of the people coming on leave. These ideas have now been abandoned. It was not easy even during the last war, and at the end of it, when Captain Forester relinquished the Quorn, and when after a short interregnum, Major Algy Burnaby and Mr. Edmund Paget took on, the kennel cupboard was very bare. They were at least twenty couples of hounds shy and had to face the task of four days a week for a madly enthusiastic field with very little with which to do it. Captain Forester did marvels during his reign, but even his ingenuity might have been taxed but for the inspiration to buy a very fine draft of Dartmoor bitches in 1916. Their good influence still, so I hope, remains. Anyway, but for them, plus Safeguard by Cheshire Dexter out of Sanguine, bought by Major Burnaby and Mr. Paget, plus Quorn Harper, which Frank Forester gave to Major Jim Barry, who passed him on to Sir Harold Nutting, who succeeded Major Burnaby in the Quorn mastership, things would have been even more difficult.



The Kenya St. Leger Dead-Heat, July 4, 1942

The dead-heat was between Miss A. Kidman's Excalibur, the favourite, 9 st. 11 lb., and Captain R. S. Lyons' Windjammer, 10 st. The snapshot was taken by the judge's assistant. Lieut.-Col. Coldicott was the judge, and he is very well known in Johannesburg, Bombay and Rangoon racing circles. The distance of the race was 1½ miles. A note on the race will be found on this page



Two Ladies of the A.T.S.

Senior Commander E. M. Vetch (right) is the chief instructor at an A.T.S. O.C.T.U. somewhere in Britain. With her in this picture is Junior Commander G. M. Thomson, the adjutant



Officers of a Battalion of the R.A.C.

D. R. Stuart

(Front row) Majors G. J. Bremner, M.C., H. V. Duffy, M. P. E. Harrison; Captain A. E. Majendie (Adj.); Major A. S. K. Anderson; Capt. C. Hayward, M.C. (Second row) Lieuts. J. H. Dean, E. Marsh (Q.M.), R. Cooper, R. Toogood; Capts. A. Benzecry, M.C., R. W. Edmeades; Lieuts. J. Abbott, H. R. Tracey; 2nd Lt. B. Pheasant. (Third row) 2nd Lts. T. F. Perredits, W. D. Winnall, R. H. Bates, P. Berry; Lt. J. Stephens; Capt. L. A. Preston (R.A.Ch.D.), Capt. R. H. Smith (R.A.O.C.); Lt. F. B. Millen; 2nd Lts. J. W. White, J. Bonham. (Back row) 2nd Lts. G. M. Amey, Hon. W. Douglas-Home, D. W. Atkinson, W. E. Neal, J. L. Hall, F. G. N. White, H. J. Amiel, S. A. Tucker, F. G. B. Hills

Racehorses as Hunters

CAPTAIN FRANK FORESTER was one of the M.F.H.s who believed that there was no reason why a racehorse, who, incidentally, is rather encouraged to take hold, should not make a good hunter. He proved this in one notable instance—Christmas Daisy, who won the Cambridgeshire two years in succession, 1909-1910, and the horse liked being with hounds so much that Captain Forester hunted them off him. You could not do this as a rule with a tearaway racehorse. There is rather an amusing yarn hereabouts. When little Major Jim Barry (5th Lancers) came home from the front in 1916 for a badly needed rest-cure, he went to stay with Frank Forester at Saxelbye, and as the Quorn master then had the whole of the Harrington country thrust on him in

addition to his own, it took a bit of doing, short-staffed as they were; so Jim Barry helped by whipping-in to the Quorn. He was mounted on some of the real cracks of the Shires. This is the yarn he told me:

On the first day I came out I rode a topping horse in the forenoon and wanted to stick to him, but Frank said: "You had better change; there is something extra for you!" It was Christmas Daisy, twice a winner of the Cambridgeshire!

Captain Frank Forester is not, of course, the only M.F.H. who has ridden racehorses out hunting, for Lord Lonsdale during his various masterships—Quorn, Cottesmore, Woodland Pytchley—was much addicted to them, Gazetteer,

winner of many races, Lord Marmion, Gradient, Tadcaster, Bickerstaffe, the horse incidentally upon which Maunsell Richardson (of Grand National fame) won his first race on the flat, King Lud, a Cesarewitch winner, Hesper, Whitehaven, Blueblood, Lady Stanley and Capuchin are some of them. Although Captain Forester's name will always be principally linked with the Quorn, he was Master of the Muskerry in Co. Cork from 1889 to 1890, a pack which was for a long succession of years hunted by some officers of the cavalry regiment stationed in the neighbourhood; the Old Berks, 1893-94; and later—as is, of course, common knowledge—the Wilton (1927-30)—a very great change from the open spaces and flying obstacles of Leicestershire.



An Anglo-French Wedding

M. René Boucher, F.A.A.F., and Muriel Harris, the well-known tennis player, were married at Harrow. He is the son of M. Boucher, vice-president of the French Chamber of Commerce in London, a distinguished officer in the last war



Tennis Stars of To-Day and To-morrow

D. R. Stuart

Mrs. Menzies (Kay Stammers) and Mrs. Vivian (Peggy Scriven) do what they can to help along promising junior tennis players. They played in the recent exhibition matches at Lady Crosfield's Highgate home, in aid of Greek Children's Rescue Fund and the Red Cross. Kay's partner was Mary Eyre, from Cheltenham (left), and Peggy played with Jean Quartier, the new junior champion of Great Britain, who has won all the junior meetings this year

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Germans in Paris

"**DEATH AND TO-MORROW**," by Peter de Polnay (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is a book to put high on your autumn list. Though it describes life in Paris throughout that tragic summer of 1940, it is not just one more of those books about the fall of France. It contains little moralising, and much experience. Not only is Mr. de Polnay (author of *Boo*) a novelist, with a flair for description and an eye for the scene, but he retained, through months of nightmare, a social sense upon which no tragi-comedy was lost. He looked on at the occupation of Paris from an angle peculiarly his own, making full use of an independence due partly to nationality—he is a Hungarian—partly to temperament. He carried off preposterous situations with a high hand, combining the nonchalance of the play-boy with free-lance resilience and resource.

The rôle of onlooker was unwillingly played—Mr. de Polnay wanted something more active. At the start of the war he signed on for the French Army; because he was an alien his calling-up was delayed; he went to Paris to await further instructions, and, with his friend, the Skye terrier Dodo, occupied a flat in Montmartre, dropping back (for what he hoped was only the time being) into a life he already knew well. He was still restlessly waiting when France fell. It then became his first object to reach England and fight the Axis from there. Underlying all his adventures throughout that Paris summer was the intrigue to arrive on the English shore. The second half of *Death and To-morrow* gives the account of his autumn journey—across the demarcation line into Unoccupied France, then—after frustrations in Marseilles, and two night-marish imprisonments—on foot over the mountains into Spain. In Barcelona, prison again awaited him. Released—he not for the first time passed as an Englishman—he gained Gibraltar, then England.

The second half of the book is, as you may guess, exciting. But the first is a truly remarkable document. Since June 1940, Paris could not appear more distant from London if she were at the other side of the world. Between the two capitals has been raised a wall of sinister and unnatural silence. As to the feeling, the behaviour of the Parisians, we have had to rely on disconnected accounts. How would London feel and behave under conditions Paris has had to endure? London was soon to show, by her blitz resistance, that she was in no mood even to contemplate the fate to which Paris resigned herself. In what spirit did Paris pay the price she had had to pay for her physical safety? Mr. de Polnay gives us a more than four months' record of a capital city's attitude to its conquerors.

The tension preceding the German entry is as well described as anything in the book—the rumours,

the axe-like blows of undeniable bad news, the ironic blaze of sunshine in which the city continued its ghostly life, the hectic talk, the increasingly wild hopes and the gaining fears, the blare of the wireless inside every apartment, the occasional sirens, the incessant singing of the canaries. From the Butte de Montmartre, Mr. de Polnay and his American friend, Nona, looked down, day by day, on Paris with a prophetic eye. Then, the exodus—streams of outgoing people, closed cafés and shops and abandoned businesses, echoing rooms and stairways, and swinging doors. Mr. de Polnay's concierge, before leaving, dumped on him her half-dozen canaries. Then, there was the day when a pall of smoke—was it a miscarried smoke-screen, was it from burning oil-tanks?—gave Paris a symbolic darkness at noon. Under poisonous smoke the canaries died. Then, the night when one saw the flashes made by a last lonely battery firing in the forest of Vincennes—at nothing: the final act of defiance.

Conversations

THE Germans, when they did enter Paris, were well received. Mr. de Polnay gives many psychological reasons for the manner of their reception. For one thing, they had been preceded by propaganda of the most subtle, oblique and insidious kind. This propaganda had been able to work in a Paris poisoned by disillusionment. Paris had lost her faith; she



Christening at Westminster Abbey

The baby daughter of Flt. Lieut. and Mrs. Campbell Johnson was christened Virginia by Dr. Costley-White, Dean of Gloucester, at Westminster Abbey last month. Flt. Lieut. Campbell Johnson is well known for his biographies of contemporary statesmen, which include those of Mr. Anthony Eden and Lord Halifax. Mrs. Campbell Johnson is seen holding the baby under the admiring gaze of her husband and Miss Dorothy Hyson

was left in a vacuum. The Third Republican Government, and all it had stood for, had become detestable in her eyes. The Germans meant, at least, something positive. After the horror-stories everybody had listened to, the German-controlled behaviour was a surprise—and the surprise, in itself, was reassuring. Almost at once, in every quarter of Paris, the Germans were being praised as very "correct."

It would not be too much to say that they became the fashion. Their occupation not only revived Paris but, in a clever way, flattered her. And, at first, the Germans played their game very well—even Mr. de Polnay had to admire them. On every Parisian weakness they cashed in.

German impeccable conduct, freeness with money and, above all, naive admiration for Paris could not fail, at the start, to have their effect. Paris, in those first weeks, behaved like a pretty woman who is so completely dependent (for morale, for life itself) on admiration that she must turn for it even to a foe. Also, there was the element of greed. Mr. de Polnay makes clear that it was the middle classes who were weakest, most gullible, and who behaved worst. He blames that *esprit d'épicerie* which was, he feels, one product of Republican France. For the grocer-minded, Communism had always been the predominating nightmare, and the incoming Germans could pose as saviours from this. Also, Mr. de Polnay was to see his friends among the intellectuals and the artists seduced by the flattery of Abetz and his followers. Many, however, of the

(Concluded on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE worst of returning to once familiar haunts after a long

interval is that they seem to have shrunk so! The wood, which in childish eyes looked like a dangerous forest, now you realise is little more than a spinney. The Hall, which had the reputation of being a mansion, stands revealed as only a small country house! Everything, in fact, has contracted. And so, you must confess, though only to yourself, have the Old Acquaintances, once, in the long, long ago, considered Old Friends! Not physically, of course: usually there is no denying the fact that they have definitely expanded! But, mentally speaking, we seem to come with them to a mutual dead-end in no time!

Nevertheless, this human reunion at long last is invariably valiant. In fact, it is inclined to gush—on the principle, perhaps, that a journey-ending-in-lovers-meeting accomplished without gush appears kind o' strangled at birth! This usually makes for a super-affectionate animation difficult to keep up. Why is it, for example, that while telling all that has happened-to-Cousin Jane, one is making mental notes of the number of grey hairs on the Old Friend's head, and wondering secretly if we should ever have known her again if it had not been for the mole on her left cheek? Moreover, one has the uncomfortable feeling that she is thinking much the same things about oneself! The years, I suppose, have erected a barrier, and so reunion consists of a series of frantic jumps by both parties concerned to get over it. Finally,

By Richard King

you both fulfil the promise of having another long talk and both find that,

once begun, neither of you has anything more to say. So, almost in desperation, you give each other little loving pats and tender squeezes, and wait for the opportunity to talk about your life, not as it was, but as it now is.

Then comes the period when one of you has to listen while the other describes people you have never even heard of, and of an environment totally unfamiliar. And this, though far more really urgent than chatter concerning what became of Cousin Jane, widens the gap between you far more unblushingly than when actually you were living miles apart. For there is nothing so final to a former friendship than a meeting which spiritually misses fire. It rings down the curtain with a bang.

The wise, I expect, never leave friendship too long on ice. Like fish, it is apt to lose its flavour. If the years have separated you, only a genius for friendship can pick up the threads where they were really broken. And Time is a horrid thread-breaker, say what you will. In reality, I suspect, the truth is—that if you want to keep the spring-time of memory still verdant in your heart, recognise the effectiveness of a slow curtain when you see it. Or, if the mental picture of the once-familiar urges you to go back, return at a slow pace, and, metaphorically speaking, walk backwards. At any rate, never rush thither with your arms outstretched—for you are walking over very dangerous ground.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lloyd-Johnes — Edgar Lenore

Major H. J. Lloyd-Johnes, R.A., elder son of Mr. H. Lloyd-Johnes, of Dolancothy, Carmarthenshire, and Mrs. Lloyd-Johnes, of Bentham Manor, Cheltenham, married Margaret Ruth Edgar, of Packwood Hall, Warwickshire, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Edgar, in London



Ridsdale — Bennett

Captain Julian Errington Ridsdale, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ridsdale, of 7, Lewes Crescent, Brighton, married Victoire Evelyn Patricia Bennett, daughter of Major and Mrs. Joseph Bennett, of 12, The Boltons, S.W., at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Boyd — Drysdale

Flying Officer Colin Ian Langdon Boyd, The Cheshire Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. L. Boyd, of Bideford, Devon, married Diana Frances Drysdale, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. E. Drysdale, of Lawn House, Trull, Taunton, at Trull Parish Church



Bird — Walters

Major Garth Raymond Godfrey Bird, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bird, of Norther, Cranleigh, Surrey, married Elizabeth Mary Walters, widow of Lieut. Michael J. P. Walters, and daughter of Sir Leonard P. Vavasour, R.N., at St. James's, Spanish Place



Mrs. P. J. Morrissey Lafayette

Josephine Duffy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Duffy, of Eyrecourt, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, and Flying Officer P. J. Morrissey, M.O., R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Morrissey, of Woodford, Loughrea, Co. Galway, were married in Dublin



Macknight — Montgomerie

Lieutenant David Llewellyn Macknight, R.C.N.V.R., of London, Ontario, and Doris Catherine Montgomery were married at Westbourne Church, Glasgow. She is the daughter of Mr. J. D. Montgomery, of 8, Kensington Road, Glasgow



Townroe — Holland

Stephen Collingwood Townroe, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Townroe, of Maresfield, Yateley, Hants., married Florence Esme Slade Holland, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Holland, of Robert's Tree House, Quetta, India, at All Saints', Marlow, Bucks.



Proudlock — Hasemore

Sub-Lieut. Roger Drew Proudlock, R.N.V.R. (Fleet Air Arm), and Audrey Eileen Hasemore were married at Chelsea Register Office. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Hasemore, of Roehampton Close, S.W., and is working at the Admiralty



Twells — Elliott

Captain Lionel Twells, The Lancashire Fusiliers, son of Mr. F. L. Twells, and the late Mrs. Twells, of Batavia, and Jean Elliott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Elliott, of Red Lodge, Ealing, were married recently

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

not so very far away, in Hants. Another young girl busy nursing is the Hon. Lorraine Carleton, second daughter of Lord and Lady Dorchester. She is at Barming, in Kent. Her elder sister, Viscountess FitzHarris, is nurserymaid-in-chief to her two children, and spends what spare time she can with her husband, who is at present Liaison Officer to the Free Belgians. Admiral and Mrs. Cecil Pilcher's only daughter, dark-eyed and attractive Nadine, is joining the "Wrens" instead of getting married to Sir Arundell Neave, of the Welsh Guards, as had been announced, and the engagement is "off." Her German should come in useful for a really good job, as is quite perfect, as is her French, too.

Although there are still a good many women out of uniform, most of them are pretty busy all the same. Wives of important men, for instance, maintain their homes without the servants, who are now released for war work. Lady Courtney, wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, combines an extremely energetic round of housework, cooking and personal shopping with beautifully groomed and smart social appearances: she looked specially chic lately in a confessedly three-year-old black suit, which looked brand-new with touches of dazzling white piqué, and white flower ear-rings. Mrs. Dudley Macneice Porter (just off to visit her Scots Guards husband in hospital) is another who keeps up a high standard in her own appearance and that of her large flat, with which she deals single-handed.

Mrs. Wellsby, who has lately had her flat burgled and all her jewellery stolen, and Evelyn, Lady Chetwynd are Ministry workers who also look after themselves; Mrs. Frost, smart in khaki tunic and beige skirt, is one of the American drivers who have lately arrived here. Princess Wiasemsky, Mr. Gordon Selfridge's daughter, was up from her home near London, and discussing transport difficulties, increased by the disappearance of the homely Green Line bus. Mrs. Burbage has returned to London from Surrey, where she has lived for the last two years. When I met her, she was with Mrs. Vivian Cornelius.

"Stage-Door Canteen"

THE "Stage-Door Canteen" is an amenity for the Forces in New York. It started and staffed by famous actors and actresses over there. Now a song has been specially written for it (words and music by Irving Berlin), called "I Left My Heart at the Stage-Door Canteen". Hugh Wade, always the first to get new American tunes, introduced the song to London the other night.

The canteen's organisers and workers include Gerfrude Lawrence, Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt, and Helen Hayes.

Weddings

THE latest weddings include Mr. D. I. Graham's to Miss Mary Stanley at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. A. J. Graham, and Mrs. Graham, of Hoylake, in Cheshire, and the bride's father is Sir Herbert Stanley, until lately Governor of Southern Rhodesia. He is still in South Africa, and the bride's brothers are in the Services, so she was given away by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Clarendon. Lady Stanley was there, and there was one bridesmaid, Miss Lydia de Burgh. The small reception was at Rhodesia House, and guests included Mrs. Graham, Lady Milne Watson, Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley, Mr. S. M. Lanigan O'Keefe, High Commissioner in London for Southern Rhodesia, and Mrs. O'Keefe, Lady Lees, Sir Douglas Orme Malcolm, and Lady Roberough.



At a Convalescent Home Somewhere in England

Mr. F. Willoughby Hancock has given his home for the duration of the war to the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation to serve as a convalescent home for our wounded troops. His daughter acts as secretary of the Home. The staff pictured above include (back row) Miss F. Utley, Miss Collings, Miss Farquhar, Miss Archdale, Mrs. Knights; and, in front, Miss U. A. Jones, Miss Husking, Miss Theta Wood (matron), Mrs. Murray, and Miss Hancock.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

upper and lower classes preserved their clear sight, their pride and their sanity. Aristocrats continued to show intransigence; the working-class people remained dour and grim. Particular praise is given to Paris charwomen, who not only did not desert their city, but accepted no pro-German dope, from the first.

Mr. de Polnay watched this unseemly honeymoon through its different phases with dismay. He was soon, with rising spirits, to watch its break-up. As the Parisians rallied, the Germans undid themselves. He shows the Germans to be as stupid in their behaviour as they are astute in their propaganda. Their inferiority-complex was soon in evidence; their boringness, their lack of taste and their meanness did as much as anything to send their shares down. Then, their "correctness"—which had been based on the assumption of immediate and sweeping victory—broke down. Unforeseen British resistance had an adverse effect on the German temper—and of this Paris soon felt the brunt. Also, in this new mood the Germans felt the Parisians were being too perky—they were not taking their defeat humbly enough. The Gestapo got busy; persecutions began. Then came the Battle of Britain. Mr. de Polnay shows that it was the Battle of Britain that gave Paris back her soul. The Paris he left in October 1940 had no longer a shred of illusion about her conquerors.

Mr. de Polnay enjoyed the advantages of being a good linguist, a good talker and a good listener—as well as, technically, a neutral. English is the language in which he thinks, speaks and writes, but he seems to have an equal command of French, and copious, flexible German. As a fanatical pro-Britisher, I wonder he got away with saying much that he did. He was generally taken to be an Englishman, and thus was able to gauge anti-British feeling when this, in the early summer, was at its height. With a charming impertinence (not to speak of courage) he conducted a war quite on his own, starting anti-German, pro-British whispering campaigns, and typing, for further distribution, endless copies of pamphlets dropped from British planes. When authentic pamphlets gave out, he invented others. Once, he did have to bluff his way out of a tight corner with the Gestapo. But he got away with most of this by sheer cheek. For some time, he adopted a means of livelihood that brought him into close contact with the enemy—posing as an indigenous Montmartre painter, he sold daubs of Paris, mass-produced by a friend. He also conversed with Germans, of all ranks, in restaurants, dives, cafés—all over the place.

The most important parts of the book contain the stuff of these conversations. One is tempted to quote again and again. Dallying around in insidious Paris, Germans of all sorts talked to the apparently artless Hungarian with a freedom—in some cases an unguardedness—that is surprising. The German nostalgia, the German neurosis, the German day-dream are all on record in the pages of *Death and To-morrow*. This view of an army en pantouffles really should not be missed. It is easy to see the Germans as brutes and bone-heads. But as dreamers, too, we should get them taped. It is the dream that is lastingly dangerous.

Mixed Marriage

MISS MOMA CLARKE'S *A Stranger Within the Gates* (John Murray; 7s. 6d.) is too good a novel, in its own right, to be reviewed as a pendant to *Death and To-morrow*. It is, however, another picture of France—so these two very different books confirm each other, and, by both speaking the truth, bear out each other's facts. In *A Stranger Within the Gates*, the story begins a year or two before the 1914 war, when Celia, a beautiful and intelligent young Englishwoman, marries French Paul Vallery—against the wishes of his family and the advice of her own friends. Celia embarks on her new life with open eyes; fortified by her deep, understanding love for her fiancé, she believes she can make a success of this international marriage. She is aware that while she herself loves Paul, he is no more than in love—though violently so—with her. She also agrees with her guardian and friend, Jane, that Paul is closely bound to his class and race, that his mother's influence has been almost inordinate, and that he has loyalties no wife must attack.

The Vallery family belong to the *haute bourgeoisie*. They are excellent, kindly and upright people, practising Catholics, but too rigidly bound (at least, from the point of view of a foreign daughter-in-law) to their own conventions, traditions, and ways of life. In order to please them, and make Paul happy, Celia is expected to give up much—her freedom, her cosmopolitan friends. Inevitably, conflict arises; Paul's passion for Celia begins to wane. When 1914 comes and Paul leaves for the front, Celia's knowledge that she is going to have his child is saddened by his careless farewell to her. After Paul's death, she remains with his family: she plans to bring up his son as he would have wished.

The position of the young widow, in the Vallery family, proves no easier than that of the young wife. The elder Mme. Vallery's possessive passion for Paul transfers itself to the baby: Celia is crowded out. She finds one true friend in her father-in-law—who begins as a sombre figure and ends as a tragic one. . . . The story of France, between the two wars, is bound up with, and in a sense illustrates, Celia's life in France. Several minor characters—such as the Vallerys' sons-in-law—are very well-drawn French types. *A Stranger Within the Gates* ends after the fall of France—when the shock of a revelation made by another woman has sent Celia back to England, to join her son who is with the Free French. . . . A moving, dignified novel.



By Appointment



ON THE LOOK-OUT

Those who recognise real character and flavour in Scotch

Whisky are always on the look-out for "Black & White".

Its quality is of the highest, its flavour unexcelled.

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The Highway of Fashion

BY M. E. BROOKE

SIMPLE FASHIONS FOR THE NURSERY FOLK



Altogether charming are the frocks above from Liberty's, Regent Street. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the same ideas may be carried out in various colours and materials. Washing is saved when a dark colour is chosen; this is very important. As will be seen, the model on the extreme left has a coatee effect, which is achieved by piping, and thus saves material; a turnover collar and puff sleeves complete the scheme. The seated figure studying the toys is also from Liberty's, the camel looks rather lonely. The child seated wears another dress with a high collar, in view of the approach of winter. The child on the right is seen in a frock that bears a resemblance to the one on the left; there are, however, minor differences which are helpful to the silhouette.



For the great outdoors have Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, designed these simple fashions for the little people who are over two years old. The girl on the extreme left is seen in a well-cut mackintosh accompanied by a sou'wester. It is available in a variety of colours; hence it is as becoming to the brunette as to the blonde. She evidently has a great affection for the giraffe. In the centre is seen a legginette outfit with hat and coat complete; the velvet collar increases its charm. Very practical is the coat on the extreme right, which is of Irish frieze. Fashions for the nursery have received the greatest consideration.



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"PETERBOROUGH" tells this story in *The Daily Telegraph*:

An American soldier seeing the sights of Cairo went up to a sentry at the Citadel and said: "Say, buddy, can you tell me when the Crusaders were here?"

The sentry replied: "Don't know the Crusaders, but we relieved the Camerons last week."

GREAT interest was taken in the appointment of the members of a delegation which was to go to London to voice certain desires of the village community.

"Well," said one village worthy to another: "I've just hears as how they've appointed your Absolom to be one of the deputation. What's think o' that?"

John, torn between family pride and a reputation for sincerity, reflected before replying: "Well, now, I think our Absolom is a very good man to go on a deputation, so long as he keeps his mouth shut!"

AN Englishman owned a number of horses and had a reputation for skill in treating them. A farmer approached the horse-owner's little boy and said: "When one of your father's horses is ill, what does he do?"

"Do you mean slightly ill or seriously ill?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, seriously ill," replied the farmer. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, if a horse is only slightly ill he gives it medicine, but if it is seriously ill he sells it."

TWO old Scots women were chatting over the wash-tub.

One said to the other: "Aye, wumman, do you ken the meaning of the word 'Jubilee'?"

"Well," said the other, "I tell ye. When a man's married on a woman for five or twenty years, that's the silver wedding; and when he marries on her for fifty years, that's the golden wedding; but when the man's dead—that's the jubilee!"



An Opera Singer Married

Miss Margery Abbott, the principal soprano of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, was married at Chelsea Register Office to Surgeon Lieutenant Dick Caldwell, R.N., a survivor of both H.M.S. Royal Oak and Prince of Wales. She has been singing in the recent D'Oyly Carte season of seven Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Princes Theatre in London

for forty; a sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves together sitting unhurt alongside the smashed car. He put his arm round her waist to comfort her but she pushed it away.

"It's all very nice," she said, "but wouldn't it have been easier to have run out of petrol?"

A COUNTRYMAN heard that the job of watchman at a single-line railway crossing was vacant.

"You'll have to undergo a strict examination," said the man in charge who he applied for the job.

"Ask me anything!" bragged the applicant.

"All right," spoke up the examiner. "Supposing you are at the crossing and two trains are coming along from opposite directions, what would you do?"

"I'd blow my whistle."

"Supposing your whistle was out of order?"

"I'd always wear a red shirt, and I'd take it off and flag the trains."

"Let's say this happened at night."

"Then I'd swing my lantern."

"But suppose you had no oil in your lantern?"

"In that case I'd call my sister."

"Your sister? What for?"

"I'd just say to her: 'Come on down, sis, and see the mightiest wreck you ever saw in all your life!'"

TWO Scots worthies were invited to a country wedding. After the wedding breakfast, to which both had done ample justice, they were departing home.

"Jock," said Mac. "Don't ye think it's wonderful that all brides are beautiful?"

"True, true," replied Jock. "But what puzzles me is, where do all the married women come from?"

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First Cuckoo

THOSE students of nature who used to vie with one another in being the first to have a letter printed in *The Times* saying that they had heard the cuckoo, now have their counterpart in the students of aircraft who vie with one another in being the first to tell their friends (in confidence) that they have seen the Blah-blah aircraft, a new and secret type.

The combined security departments of the joint allied forces (or the joint security departments of the combined allied forces—for bureaucracy seems uncertain which joint is which) would be surprised if they knew of the weird and wonderful "secret" machines that are "credibly reported" by these perpetual watchers; these all-spotting, all-reporting, all-seeing masters of the maculate.

If the Germans heard what I have heard they would believe that the greatest armada of secret aircraft ever to be created, outside Mr. Henry Kaiser's aspiration, was already in existence in these islands, and that it was constantly touring back and forth over the heads of these super-spotters. If all the Typhoons and Lightnings and other things that have been "seen" during the past six months were put end to end they would reach 547,000 times the height of Nelson's Column or something.

Whether sometimes an antique type, solemnly conveying a member of the A.T.A. or somebody from a communications squadron from A. to B. is occasionally reported as the last word in fighter design I would not know. But the general inference is that Britain has gone in for secret weapons in a big way.

Bigger Bombing

BOMBING the size of railway locomotives are now favoured as a means of startling the industrious German, just as he is sitting down to his after dinner meerschaum. We used to think that a five-hundred-pounder was the big noise among bombs; but now the bomber crew who take anything less than a two-thousand pounder feel rather like the two-bottle man who is offered half a glass of cider.

And there are the four-thousand-pounders and the eight-thousand-pounders. The introduction of these bombs with an out-size bust has justified the bomb bay arrangements in our machines.

Mostly we have favoured horizontal stowage whereas

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

the Germans have been partial to vertical stowage. They have arranged their bombs like beer bottles in a case, pointed end uppermost. There used to be elaborate discussions on which form of stowage gave the higher accuracy, it being argued that the bomb which had to turn a somersault before taking up its proper flight attitude must be less accurate than one which left the aircraft—so to speak—in flying position.

But now there is an added advantage to horizontal stowage in that it enables the enormous bombs to be fitted in without distorting the fuselage. The Germans, when they turned to big bombs last year, had to make curiously short, fat bombs. They did not look as if they would have much more stability in flight than a football.

So the big bomb finds its appropriate partner in the big British bomber with arrangements for horizontal stowage. Here is another thing to justify the big bomber policy which was adopted in 1936 or thereabouts. I suppose the day will come when bombers will drop things the size of the Albert Hall.

Q.B. Not Q.B.I.

AT the dinner given by the London Hangar of Q.B. to Sir Hugh Dowding and some of the fighter pilots who took part in the air battles over Britain, Colonel J. C. Fitzmaurice, who presided, explained what Q.B. is. He implored people not to confuse Q.B., which is a long-standing American pilots' association, the letters standing for "Quiet Birdmen," with the International Code sign "Q.B.I." which refers to conditions of visibility of below 1,000 yards—though, as he remarked, he had heard of some Q.B. parties where the visibility declined to that figure during the latter part of the evening.

It was a most interesting dinner and I thought that Sir Hugh Dowding, in his curious, diffident, rather uncertain manner, was the most impressive speaker of the lot. His tremendous sincerity

and the extreme clarity of his understanding the conditions of the air fighting during those great, dangerous days, combined to make the audience hang on every word.


There was also intent concentration upon the remarks made by the heads of three of the allied air forces, the Czechoslovak, the Polish and the Norwegian. The American speaker were the briefest but also the clearest and most decisive. Major-General Spaatz in particular gave the impression of having packed into the few words he uttered a wealth of meaning and the same was true of Jimmy Doolittle's short speech.

Colonel Fitzmaurice brought cheers when referred to his experiences in New York after his historic first east-west flight across the Atlantic and it is right that we should be constantly reminded of the amazing hospitality the Americans have always offered to their visitors so that, now we have the opportunity, we should do all we can to return the compliment.

It is not quite so easy in wartime. As I have said before and as Sir Hugh Dowding emphasised in his delightful little story he told of his own efforts to show appreciation of the Americans, the very fact that those in the Services are instructed to keep their mouths shut, does rather hamper the casual conversation.

The civilian who addresses an American officer or man fumbles frantically for questions that will not make it appear that he is a spy. By having to step round and round the dangerous but conversational magnetic promontory: "Where are you stationed?" he finds it extraordinarily hard to establish an easy contact. The fact is that secrecy and sociableness will not mix. Two men cannot get on terms when there is a barrier of forbidden matter between them. We should recognise either that the requirements of security must be modified, or else that we must give up our muscle-bound, gawky though well-meaning efforts to be friendly with our visitors.

An occasion like the Q.B. dinner helps to get over such difficulties and I only hope that some similar organisation in Britain will hold a similar meeting. I believe that in the present instance Colonel Fitzmaurice, who is a very old Q.B. member, took a large part in getting things together. Let us hope that somebody will try to do the same on the side of our purely British air organisation.




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